THE TRAGEDY OF CHRISTOPHER LOVE AT TOVVER-HILL *Auguſt* 22. 1651.

Collated & Perfect. J. F. K. 1807.

This Tragedy has no relation to the Drama.

Prologue.

NOw from a murthered Monarchs Urne I come,
A mourner to a Martyred Prophet's Tombe:
Pardon, Great *Charles* his Ghoſt, my Muſe had ſtood
Yet three years longer, till ſh' had wept a flood;
Too mean a Sacrifice for Royall Blood.
But ſhe muſt go, Heaven doth by Thunder call
For her attendance at Love's Funerall.
Forgive Great Sir, this Sacriledge in me,
The tenth Tear he muſt have, it is his Fee;
'Tis due to him, and yet 'tis ſtol'n from Thee.

ARGUMENT.

'Twas when the raging Dog did rule the Skies,
And with his Scorching face did tyrannize,
When cruell *Cromwell*, whelp of that mad Star,
But ſure more fiery than his Syre by far;
Had dryed the Northern Fife, and with his heat
Put frozen *Scotland* in a Bloody ſweat:
When he had Conquered, and his furious Train
Had chas'd the North-Bear, and purſu'd *Charle's* wain
Into the *Engliſh* Orb; then 'twas thy Fate
(Sweet *Love*) to be a preſent from our State.
A greater Sacrifice there could not come,
Then a Divine to bleed his welcome home:
For He, and *Herod*, think no diſh ſo good,
As a *John Baptiſts* Head ſerv'd up in blood.

ACT. I.

The *Philiſtins* are ſet in their High Court,
And *Love*, like *Sampſon*'s fetch'd to make them ſport:
Unto the Stake the ſilent Priſoner's brought,
Not to be Try'd, but baited, moſt men thought;
Monſters, like men, muſt worry him: and thus
He fights with Beaſts, like *Paul* at *Epheſus*.
Adams, *Far* and *Huntington*, with all the pack
Of foyſting Hounds are ſet upon his back.
Prideaux and *Keeble* ſtand and crie A'loo;
It was a full Cry, yet it would not do.
Oh how he foyl'd them, Standers-by did ſwear,
That he the Judge, and they the Traytors were:
For there he prov'd, although he ſeem'd a Lamb,
Stout, like the Lyons, from whoſe Den he came!

ACT II.

It is Decreed; nor ſhall thy Worth dear *Love*,
Reſiſt their Vows, nor their revenge remove.
Though prayers be joyn'd to prayers, and tears to tears,
No ſoftneſs in their Rocky heart appears;
Nor Heaven nor Earth abate their fury can
But they will have thy Head, thy Head, good Man.
Sure ſome ſhe ſectary longed, and in haſt
Muſt try how Presbyterian Blood doth taſt.
'Tis fit ſhe have the beſt, and therefore thine,
Thine muſt be broach'd, bleſt ſoul, 'tis drink Divine.
No ſooner was the dreadfull Sentence read,
The Priſoner ſtraight bow'd his condemned Head.
And by that humble poſture told them all,
It was a Head that did not fear a fall.

ACT III.

And now I wiſh the fatall ſtroke were given
I'm ſure our Martyr longs to be in Heaven,
And heaven to have him there; one moments blow
Makes him triumphant, but here comes his woe.
His enemies will grant a months ſuſpence
If't be but for the nonce to keep him thence:
And that he may tread in his Saviours wayes,
He ſhall be tempted too his forty dayes:

And

And with such baits too, cast thy self but down,
Fall, and but worship, and your life's your own.
Thus cry'd his Enemies, Oh 'twas their pride
To wound his Body, and his Soul beside.
One plot th' have more, when all the rest do fail,
If Divels cannot, Disciples may prevail.
Let's tempt him by his friends, make *Peter* cry
Good Master spare thy self, and do not die.
One friend intreats, a second weeps, a third
Cries your Petition wants the other word:
I'le write it for you, saith a fourth; your life,
Your life Sir, cries a fifth; pity your Wife,
And the Babe in her: thus this Diamond's cut,
By Diamonds only, and to terrour put.
Me thinks I hear him still, you wound my heart;
Good friends forbear, for every word's a dart:
'Tis foolish pity, this I do profess:
Youl'd love me more, if you did love me less:
Friends, Children, Wife, Life, all are dear I know,
But all's too dear, if I should buy them so.
Thus like a Rock that routs the waves he stands,
And snaps asunder, *Sampson*-like these bands.

ACT IV.

The day is come, the Prisoner longs to go,
And chides the lingring Sun for tarrying so.
Which blushing seems to answer from the skie,
That it is loath to see a Martyr die.
Me thinks I hear beheaded Saints above
Call to each other, Sirs, make room for *Love*.
Who, when he came to tread the fatall Stage,
Which prov'd his glory, but his Enemies rage,
His bloud ne're run to his heart, Christs bloud was there
Reviving it, his own was all to spare;
Which rising in his Cheeks, did seem to say,
Is this the bloud you thirst for; tak't I pray.
Spectators in his looks such life did see,
That they appear'd more like to die than he,
But oh his speech, me thinks I hear it still;
It ravish'd Friends, but did his enemies kill,

His

Which he devotes with pious prayers to God.
The Lamb lay down, and took the Butchers blow.
His soul makes Heaven shine brighter by a Star.
And now we're sure there's one Saint *Christ* hath.

ACT V.

Love lyes a bleeding, and the world shall see
Heaven Act a part in this black Tragedy.
The Sun no sooner spide the Head o'th floore,
But he pull'd in his own, and look'd no more:
The Clouds which scattered, and in colours were,
Meet all together, and in black appear:
Lightning, which fil'd the air with blazing light,
Did serve for Torches all that dismall night;
In which, and all next day for many hours,
Heaven groan'd in Thunder, and did weep in showers.
Nor do I wonder that God Thundred so
When his Boanerges murthered lay below:
Witnesses trembled; *Prideaux*, *Bradshaw*, *Keeble*,
And all the guilty Court look'd pale and feeble.
Timorous *Jenkyns*, and cold-hearted *Drake*
Hold out, when call'd no base Petitions make;
Your enemies thus Thunder-struck no doubt,
Will be beholding to you to come out.
But if you shall Recant, now thundring Heaven
Such approbation to *Loves* Cause hath given,
I'le adde but this, your Consciences, perhaps,
Ere long may feel far greater Thunder-claps.

Epilogue.

But stay, my Muse grows fearfull too, and must
Begge that these Lines be buried with thy dust:
Shelter, blest Love, *this verse within thy shroud,*
For none but Heaven dare take thy part aloud.
The Author begges this, lest if it be known,
That he bewails thy Head, he lose his own.

FINIS.